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"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Puck

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OFFICE N° 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.



## THE WRONG BROOD.

Massachusetts: "Now, that's a fine old hen, to hatch silver chickens out of golden eggs!"



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## PUCK'S ALMANAC.

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## THE LION OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

SOME captious critics do say that consistency is not one of the trinkets in the political jewel-case of Carl Schurz; and even critics who are not at all captious have not hesitated to assert the same thing.

PUCK, of course, has his own opinion on the subject, but will bury it in the innermost recesses of his heart, as he has no desire to embarrass the administration.

But he must give the dev—that is to say, Carl Schurz—his due. Carl is possessed of considerable grit, and sense of what is right—qualities he is exercising for genuine Civil Service Reform; which is much more than the other members of the Cabinet, from the non-fraudulent President downwards, can say for themselves.

Carl is confessedly the King of the Beasts in this matter, and all the annoyance from small things that seek to turn him from his purpose, pass him by as the idle wind which he respects not. Well might he exclaim, as Boucicault remarks in the "School for Scandal," "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

THE ideas may seem incongruous, but sometimes we wish we were a syren and owned a sausage-machine. For then we would wave our white arms, and heave our beautiful bosom, and veil our charms in our luxuriant hair, and lure Flavius Josephus Cook on to his destruction. The Apostle of Boston Culture would advance towards the Sausage-machine. Regardless of the terrible jaws that gaped for him, careless of the awful fate awaiting him, rapt only in our transcendent loveliness, he would slowly—surely—glide forward, while our fatal eyes riveted his beatified gaze—and then—and then—one leap!—all is silent—Hash!

HITHERTO the point raised by certain optimist philosophers, that the "Irish servant-gal" is put into this world for a good and useful purpose, has been held, by the vast majority of people, to be highly problematical, not to say chimerical. We have been willing to accept the festive mosquito as a mysterious evidence of Nature's inscrutable wisdom, but we have never been willing to look in the same liberal light at the heavy-handed maiden who smashed, habitually and unceasingly, thrice her wages in china. But now we see more clearly. She has been practicing on our plates and dishes all these years in order that she may now afford an adequate balance to the progress of ceramic art. As fast as our wives and daughters paint

the artistic and ornamental red clay jug, she smashes it. It is her nature to do so. Thus may the pot-bellied vase, with the pictorial nightmare on its earthen rotundity, be gradually withdrawn from circulation. For we will bet on the "servant-gal" against the whole ceramic art. Blessed be her fingers, which, in the language of her native land, are all thumbs.

EVERY editor wishes to get good assistants—active, enterprising men, who take an interest in the business. But it seems to us that the late Mr. Samuel Bowles rather overdid it when he engaged his present managing-editor. If there is such a thing as being too zealous, that gentleman is too zealous. While Mr. Bowles was gradually sinking into the arms of death, his managing-editor was energetically collecting Mr. Bowles's obituaries; and on the morrow, while some faint trace of vital warmth may yet have lingered in his corpse, the Springfield *Republican* published the remarks of all the other papers on the death of its editor-in-chief.

It may be that the late Mr. Bowles did not mind a little freshness in his employees. It may be that he looked upon things of this kind merely as exhibitions of praiseworthy zeal and enterprise. But it strikes us—it strikes us very strongly—that if the corpse had a fair show to speak, we wouldn't give sixteen cents for that managing editor's chances of drawing salary after the end of the current month.

THE Travelers' Club, of New York, has dissolved. It could not renew the lease of its Club House, partly because it had not the money; partly because its Fifth Avenue neighbors would not let it. Therefore it has gone to join the defunct Arcadian and Scribblers! These inhabitants of the limbo of dead clubs may receive this visitation in a Christian spirit, or they may not. That is their lookout. But there is one aspect of the matter which interests New York in general. What is to become of the Travelers? Is no provision to be made for this flock of foreign sheep, now cast upon a cold and unappreciative world? Where shall they go? Where shall the olive-complexioned child of Italy find kindred souls to share with him his well-defined views on the question of soap-and-water? What fit refuge is there for the British Commercial Traveler—in his own land yclept Bagman—the lordly Bagman with an eyeglass and without an aitch? Where now shall turn the youthful German clerk, fresh imported from Hamburg, the blond youth whose greatest glory it is to make himself up on the model of the British Bagman—in a suit of vast and variegated check, a sack coat with sleeves sufficiently short to show half a foot of shirt-cuff, and a neck-tie that for size and blueness passes anything that the Bagman himself dares to sport? Where now shall he blarst this country as he has heard the Bagman blarst it? Where now shall he extoll, at the expense of his present home, Germany, where in the counting-house of T. O. Schröter & Co., he slaved eighteen hours a day, firmly believing that his immortal soul was the personal property of Schröter, sr.?

And the gem of the collection—the dark-eyed, the romantic Cuban? In his father's veins ran the haughty blood of Andalusia. His mother was a mulatto, whose principal characteristics were complaisance, and an utter indifference to the benefits generally supposed to be conferred by a marriage-certificate. The dark-eyed Cuban drew a prize in the Havana Lottery; he left his paternal halls and his flourishing retail cigar business, and hither he came to ornament New York and encourage

the Faro banks. Are we to lose him forever? No!

Let the citizens of New York subscribe for a fund to build the lorn Travelers a noble palace, on a site worthy of such a shrine of cosmopolitan culture. And, if we may be permitted, we will suggest the place where they originally fell—near the Hoboken docks.

## Puckerings.

—THAT straw hat—wasn't it called in kind of prematurely?

PUT away the blacking-bottle,  
 That our Sarah used to paint:  
 She will daub it black no longer.  
 Gone where things ceramic ain't.

GENERAL G. T. BEAUREGARD and General Jubal S. Early are announced as managers of a New Orleans lottery concern. The haughty Southron had to wait a long time for his revenge, but now he has got it, sure.

YOU constantly hear sentimental young ladies warbling at the piano that there are no birds in last year's nest. And it is strange that no practical, common-sense business man ever comes to the front to remark that there aren't any in next year's nest, either.

THE mild and modest smelt is now ripe for eating, and no well-ordered breakfast-table is complete without a miserable wretch agonizing in the background, wheezing like an asthmatic whale; with four fingers down his throat, dredging for a bone.

THE man with the ulster occupies an equivocal position in society, but his legs are warm, and he is raised high above many of the petty annoyances of ordinary humanity. He can wear his old trousers every day, and he doesn't care if there is a patch on the knee and the whole rear platform is worn off.

AND now a lot of people are coming forward and writing letters to the newspapers to tell how they see the moon as a globe, and not as a disk. We do not like this. We are not rigid pietists, but we think a decent reserve is advisable in these matters. *We* have thought we saw both sides of the moon at the same time, but we never flaunted it in the face of the public.

IT is said that Alphonso of Spain married his cousin Mercedes because they loved each other. Such a thing as a pure love-match is almost unknown among the crowned heads of Europe, and the manner of treatment proper in such cases was not fully understood at first. We have, however, private and authentic information that a genuine American gate, warranted not to creak, was procured at great expense from this country, and set up in the palace at Madrid for the special use of the royal yumyumists. Thus America still leads the world, especially in the matter of gates, which we have always considered of immense value in keeping the hymeneal ball a-rolling. And if that structure holds, we prophesy that there will be, before long, an element of spontaneity and unexpectedness in the matrimonial arrangements of the young aristocrats of Madrid, which will make the Montijos and Guadejalabas open their eyes.



## THAT MASQUERADE BALL.

BY ONE WHO DOESN'T DANCE.

I HAVE no doubt that balls are a very praiseworthy institution. They afford men and women a glorious opportunity of sociability and an interchange of the sweets of companionship that is not attainable elsewhere.

It brings the feminine waist into the prominence it deserves, and allows the masculine arm the full swing of its natural inclination.

But when a man doesn't dance he may naturally ask: What is a ball good for, anyway?

I went to the Masquerade last week. I had nobly resisted all the suggestions for disguises that had been offered me—varying from plans to "foam at the mouth and go as a cake of shaving-soap," down to advice to "blush and go as a chest-protector." I had gone undisguised.

I took a lady with me.

To speak more correctly, I should say a lady took me with her. She wanted to go—I didn't. She could dance like—like—(who is that confounded goddess, anyway?).

She was a blonde. She was *my* blonde. That is, she *was*, when I took her there. But before leaving I came to the painful conclusion that there was no more ownership on my part of that particular and especial blonde than there was of any blonde in the room.

It was only once during the night, when supper-time came, and the Dulcinea of my dreams, and most everybody else's dreams, became hungry, that the hitherto existing affinity in her nature for mine awoke her to a sense of duty, and she found me out and lured me to the supper-table.

The French masquerade was a success.

I can't say so much for the supper. But people who go to dance don't go to eat. I went to eat, though; so my case was different.

I took Olivia into the ball-room when supper was over, and left her to her fate. It agreed with her. Destiny took her into the arms of a cross-eyed Turk, whose trousers didn't fit; but she seemed so happy with him that my heart went forth in sympathy.

I immediately took a drink with a friend, and inwardly condoled with the Turk.

The music was very inspiring. I imagine if I had only known what to do with the other leg after I had raised one, I should have raised at least one; but discretion was the better part of valor, and I refrained.

Nobody who hasn't felt an impulse to raise a leg under such circumstances fully understands what self-abnegation is.

I wanted to raise that leg once again during the night, and that was when Olivia was being besieged by a blue-nosed gentleman with a Chaldaic cast of countenance. Self-abnegation once more came to my rescue.

And I took another drink in consolation.

As I didn't dance, I had to find some means of killing time. At first, it was quite pleasant to stand still, and be addressed by the feminine masks as they passed by you. Especially when you were addressed in endearing terms, such as: "How are you to-night, dear?"—"Oh, Sweetmeats, you're here, are you?"—"Don't you know me, pet?"—"I'm looking at you, you naughty boy!"

But after a while, considering that I hadn't the faintest idea who the sympathetic darlings were that persisted in recognizing me, and that nearly every one of them playfully pinched my arm, or stepped on my toes in an ebullition of affection, it grew monotonous.

Then I went and took another drink; and as I subbed the blue spots on my arm, I wondered how long my beloved dulcinea intended to keep up the revel.

Coming back to the floor after an interesting discussion with a wine-bottle, I saw a rose and a comb, or a comb and a rose (I forget the order), lying at my feet.

I picked them up.

"These must belong to some divine creature!" I exclaimed.

Such a rose, and such a comb! Some divine creole (I am partial to creoles) must have dropped them. I must find her out.

For a man who doesn't dance, anything like an occupation is a glorious relief.

I determined to hunt up my own, my angelic unknown.

I meandered through the mazes formed by the dancers, got knocked from the northwest to the southeast corner of the building and back again, with brilliant rapidity, and became generally walked over, walked over, run over and sat upon for several hours.

The eager, almost frantic manner in which I stared at every lady's back-hair finally attracted attention.

I barely escaped a ferocious encounter with an orang outang who had his arm around a creole whom I had spotted out.

I appeased the orang outang by begging his pardon, and walked off desperately, holding the comb and the rose in my hand like a man who has an ulster to pawn while the thermometer is hard below zero.

Finally success spun its golden web around me, and I found my fair one.

Fair one is figurative only. She had a pimple on her nose, and her face looked as though it needed shaving.

"Oh, those are mine!" she exclaimed, clutching them. "Where did you find them, love?"

I stammered out in some sort of fashion that I had found them on the floor, "darling," and then she took my arm and walked off with me.

The nose with the pimple, of course, didn't wear a mask. If she had worn one, I couldn't have seen the nose.

Now you might reason—and with justice, too—that a nose with a pimple would have been enough to dispel all thoughts of affectionate advances. Quite so. But I was lonely amid the grandeur of the scene. I couldn't dance, and I had no one to love me, none to caress.

(The man who wrote that song must have been there.)

So I went with my dainty capture to the wine-room.

Courage came by degrees; as I think before many moments had fled, I was vowing eternal fidelity to the nose.

Once or twice I said—I *think* I said—my recollection is misty—"Precious creature, you would be far more lovely if you shaved yourself." And I have further misty recollections of having my ears boxed.

I have a dim recollection, too, of finding myself in a proscenium box, and of being joined there by several male acquaintances, who seemed to be on very sociable terms with my new-found prize.

How long I continued there, and what I continued doing, I haven't the faintest idea. I know, by and by, the music and the voices got very much mixed up, and the lights and the masks and the dresses seemed to be chasing themselves around the building, and I am quite positive my conversation with the creature of the comb and the rose must have grown wearisome, for the only expression I could elicit was "Brace up, old man!"

Finally Olivia came into the box.

"Frederick!" she exclaimed as she saw me, "where have you been? I've been looking all over for you!"

I don't know what answer I should have given if I had been in a condition to answer

at all; but as it was, I only nodded and looked at the comb and the rose.

Olivia followed the direction of my eyes.

Then, to my intense amazement (even in that condition I was capable of amazement), I heard her exclaim:

"Why, bless my soul! George, is that you?"

And then she laughed so loud that I was afraid she would wake the musicians, and I saw her fall into the arms of my lovely creature with the nose.

"Sh—don't give me away to his nibs!"

These words I heard distinctly; yes, distinctly. The surprise had roused me. The creature with the nose had spoken them.

"Why, Frederick, look here—why, Fred, what's the matter?—look, this is George Uxel—in disguise. You know George Uxel!"

"W-w-w-hat!" I cried, starting to my feet.

But before I could finish my speech (I don't know what I intended to say, anyhow) George Uxel with the comb and the rose had disappeared from the box.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I saw Olivia the next day, and she told me that I had been buying wine for a man with such a nose, who needed shaving, it dawned on me that I had been, as it were, considerably sold. And do you know who George Uxel is? He is the agent for a wine-house; and the manner in which he presumed on our acquaintance and roped me in for the benefit of the champagne-trade was a masterpiece of ingenious dexterity.

But there is a moral to this:

He that goeth to a French ball and mingleth not in the gay and festive dance, should hide himself where he can behold but be not beholden, or it shall come to pass that some wily stranger will get his fine work in on him.

MR. JOHN U. BLEASE was recently murdered in Canal Street by mysterious assailants. It is supposed that it was a case of mistaken identity, and that John was taken by the assassins for an objectionable Teuton, well known in the variety business, by the name of Uf. U. Blease.

## Answers for the Anxious.

A. K.—D. K.

E. K.—O. K.

WALKER.—Walk!

HASELTINE.—You never told her anything of the kind.

MARGATE.—Your paragraphs show genius; but they lack art. Brace up the art and bring 'em in again.

DAISY.—You're too tender and fragile a flower to buffet the storms of this rude world. Crawl into a sarcophagus, and wrap yourself up in your own poems. It will be the best thing you can do, and it will utilize the poems.

TINSMAN.—When we answered your letter we did not know that the Free Art-School of the National Academy of Design was open. It is under the charge of an excellent teacher, Mr. Wilmarth, and is the best institution of the kind in the city.

R. W., Boston.—It is extremely creditable to you that you submit to—nay, court bulldozure. But these last efforts of yours could scarcely be boucancaulted into availability. A young man who writes:

"Plump waist,  
Very nice;  
Brown hair,  
\* \* \* \* \*

wants to retire for a while to the pathless wilderness, and meditate a little on the canons of taste and propriety. R. W., the average reader will refuse to believe that this "answer" is solid. He won't be able to realize that a young man who lives in Boston could commit such an enormity. R. W., we are letting up easy on you!



## SMITH TAKES A LITTLE TRIP.

YES—just got back! Had a perfectly delightful little trip—de-lightful. Just imagine a little village—no, a town, I might even say a city—a small city—not three hours by rail from New York—well, I can't say exactly how long it takes to go there, because I forgot to time it—I didn't take the hour when I started, and I don't know how late it was when I got there. And then I was asleep all the way.

Went there on business—well, you don't care to know about that—lemme see—yes, I took my little satchel here, because I always lose a trunk if I take it—always—while a little satchel, you know, I keep right in my hand, and don't let go of it—jump into the cars and out again, and there you are. Always have it by me, you see—*Eh!* where is it? Had it in my hand this very moment—what's become of it? Well, I declare, that's the first time that ever happened to me. Oh, it must be at the station. I'll go up and get it right away. Easy enough to find it—a leather satchel, you know—that is to say—it was canvas—kind of canvas—with lots of brass nails—yes, I think it had a brass nail in it somewhere. Oh, I'll find it. It's at the station—at the 30th Street station—no, I mean the 42d Street. Now, what railroad was it? The Northern of New Jersey—no—the Southern of New Jersey—oh, I don't know—never could remember the points of the compass. Not much of a sailor, you know. Now those sailors—you've seen 'em—they just wet their finger and hold it up in the air, and say just as quick as that—South-south-west-by-north. Well, that's their business. Lemme see! That dépôt—which was it?—oh, never mind! I'll find it. Never had such a thing happen to me before.

Well—oh, yes, I was telling you. I took the railroad—started off. Charming ride. Must be beautiful all along the route; but then I went to sleep, you know—went to sleep just after we passed the first station. The first station is now—I remember that name—it's somewhere in the vicinity.

Never mind the station. But if you like traveling, as I was saying, that's the trip to take. For my part, I love traveling—*adore* it. Went right to sleep. I heard the brakeman crying the names of the stations we passed—places ending in “ville” and “ton” and “town”—most in “ville.” I've a terrible memory for names, you know—much as I could do to remember the name of the place I was going to. The name was—what?—dear me, I had it on the very tip of my tongue—such a charming little place—big place, I should say—oh, wait a moment—I'll have it. No matter, though. I got there, and woke up, and got out of the cars. Most picturesque place you ever saw!

Oh! the station—well, it's pretty much like all other stations, you know. Very nice, though. Platform, and—roof to it—and benches—yes, benches—or settees rather—something to sit down on—that is, I suppose they were, though I don't remember whether I sat down on 'em myself. And then there were posters—hand-bills, you know, stuck up all around—various colors—looked very pretty—no, I didn't read what was on them. I got right into the stage that takes you to the town—village, that is. It's some distance off.

I think traveling is the most delightful thing in the world. I sat in the stage and looked out of the window. Most picturesque landscape. On the right hand there were fields of wheat—or oats—or barley, was it?—I'm not much of a farmer, you know. Now, there are some fellows can just look and say: that's oats—that's barley—that's rye. I can't. Never could, you know. All the same, it was very pic-

turesque. And then the road we were on—pretty much like any other road—no, not that, either. That doesn't describe it. There was a little house to one side—a little white house—not so very little, either, but then it had green blinds; you have no idea how pretty green blinds look on a white house. Were they green now, though?—oh, yes, they must have been green. I don't think they were red.

To the left—oh, I remember! To the left there were fields. Wheat-fields too. Wheat-fields to the right and wheat-fields to the left. You don't know how picturesque it was.

The stage takes you right to the door of the hotel—that is to say, to one end of the piazza. The hotel is called the Liberty House—no, the Excise House—no!—well, it's the something House, I remember that.

There's another hotel opposite, though, with a name that ends in House, too. But don't go to that one, the one I went to is the best in the town. You won't have any difficulty in finding it, you know, it's on the opposite side of the way from the wrong one—I mean, the wrong one is on the opposite side of the way. Very nice people at that hotel—very nice. Gave me an excellent room on the second story—or, no—it was the first floor, I think. If you go there, take care you get the same room. It's Number 17—or rather—71—what was it, now? Oh, well, they'll give it to you, anyway—they're very nice people.

The chambermaid took my satchel—shame I forgot that satchel—never had such a thing happen to me before—she took my satchel—pretty girl, that chambermaid. Pleasant way of talking—nice girl. And such eyes! I don't know whether they were blue or black or green—I never could tell the color of a person's eyes. Some people can, you know. I know some fellows who can tell you all about a woman after they've seen her once. They can tell you if she is big or little, or blonde or dark. I never notice those details—so long as she's nice—that's all I care about.

The chambermaid opened the window for me. Nice girl, that chambermaid. There was a pretty view out the window—that is—perhaps pretty isn't the word exactly—but it looked right out on the square. Don't forget to take that room if you go there.

There's a restaurant next door, kept by—a German, was it? or—no—a Frenchman—name Mullaney, I think. Couldn't have been a Frenchman. I went into the restaurant, and had a drink of something. You can know the restaurant by its having a billard-table in the back. There were a lot of fellows playing. One man said something I thought was quite clever, you know, and I meant to have remembered to make a note of it. He said—lemme see, how did it go? He was talking about horses. “When I buy a horse,” he said, “I want a horse as is a horse, 'cause if it ain't a horse, then it ain't what I want.” But I'm not certain that was just it, for I can't exactly recall whether they were talking about horses.

You go to that place. You'll like it—just as much as I did.

I dined at the hotel—dined at the table d'hôte. You know what a table d'hôte is. Three long tables, you know, set like an oblong square—this particular one, though, I think, was round—sort of oval. It's all the same to me, of course; I can eat just as well off a round table as off a square one.

There were some very decent people at the table—people from—now, you know the name of the place as well as I do—the principal place in the vicinity.

Very good dinner. People talked a good deal. Argued. I joined in the discussion, but I hadn't paid much attention, and I didn't know what the subject was. Then the fellow opposite seemed to think I didn't agree with

him. I couldn't contradict him, of course; but I shouldn't wonder if he was right.

I wanted to stay after dinner, but the stage came after me, and I had to leave, on business—oh, well, you wouldn't care to hear about that. And when I got in the train; either I hadn't eaten enough, or else my stomach was overloaded, for I fell sound asleep—no—it was more of a doze, and, do you know, I slept all the way here?

There's the half hour striking; yes, it's that by my watch. Just half-past—I don't know half-past *what*, though. Oh, yes, my watch is all right, but the hour-hand is off. Never mind, time enough to run up to the station and get my satchel. I'll fee one of the employees and he'll find it for me. But—there! I can't. My pocket-book is in that satchel. Too bad!

Oh, well, no matter. But if you hear anything of that satchel—a leather—no—a canvas satchel, either with or without brass nails, just let me know, will you? My address is number—now, how funny! somehow or other, my number has gone out of my mind. Very strange! But just drop me a line—it will reach me—they all know me in the neighborhood. Only be careful about the address—John Smith—be particular and put the first name—John—because there's another man by the name of John Smith lives next door.

Oh, yes, I've had a charming little trip—perfectly delightful ride—nicest place I ever saw.

You go there!

## HER WAYS.

## A SERMON TO THE SLUGGARD.

“Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise.”

YEA, verily, consider her ways, thou sluggard, and when it shall come to pass that thou hast done so, and thou shalt think that thou canst do as she doeth, start out and try it. Immolate thyself, thou sluggard, in the pies of currants that lie within the pantry, and bathe thyself in the preserves of cherries which are set apart for Sunday. Paddle about in the seas of strawberries and cream, and swing thyself to the silver-spoon that starteth to the lips of the diner. Seek out the maiden that is pensive and fair to look upon, and slide down her neck of alabaster, making her to cry out as she pranceth, “Oo-ee! the horrid bug-oo!” Enter upon the aged parson who dozeth beneath the shade-tree. Ramble over the place where his hair once flourished, and go thou on an exploring expedition into the caverns of his ears and up the channels of his nasal appendage, causing him to awake, and to snort, and to fear that, in his slumber, he profanely dreamed, “By Billigum!”

Stroll up the trouser-leg of the young man who is dignified and dainty, who frequenteth the picnic in summer and sitteth on the grass beside his sweetheart. And when thou art weary and longeth to rest for a season, settle down on his chest, at the bone which wise men call the *sternum*; and there shalt thou take thine ease, for his shirt it buttoneth behind him, neither can its bosom of gloss be soiled or rumpled to crush thee.

And so I say unto thee, consider the ways of the ant, thou sluggard; and when thou hast gone through these exercises, if thou still wishest to pursue thy studies, I will tell unto the others of the ways of thy great exemplar, the ant, thou sluggard.

QUIPPLE YARROW.



THE ELOPEMENT.



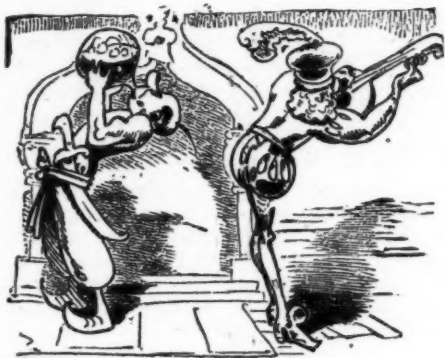
1. See Zuleima, the pride of the Harem, fly  
From the wink in her lord and master's eye.



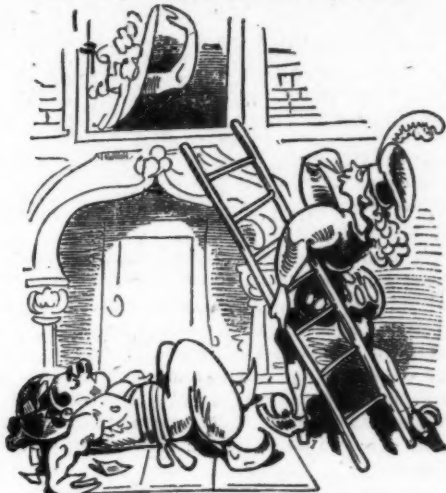
2. "Ha!" cries the Sultan, "she dies in an hour!  
Till then, guard her close in the lofty tower."



3. 'Tis the English Sir Arthur, leal and true,  
Striving Zuleima's guard to woo.



4. The guard is human, as most guards are,  
And the knight starts in with his gay guitar.



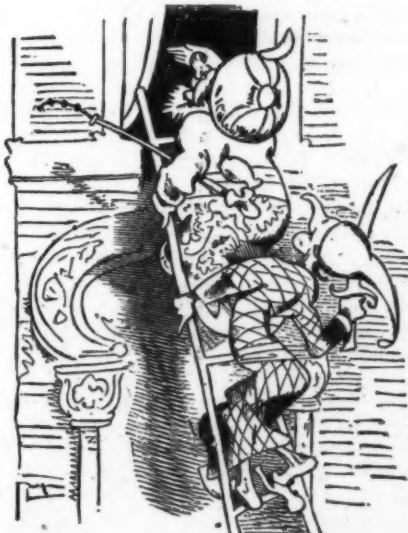
5. The guard sleeps fast; through the twilight dim  
Sir Arthur sees beck'ning a lovely—limb.



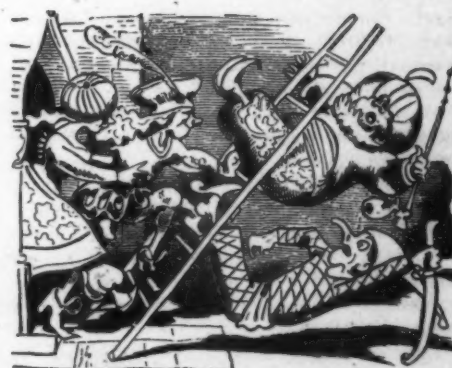
6. And Sir A. does a bit of Montague,  
While the chief of the Harem steals in view.



7. Who flies to the Sultan: "Majesty! know  
There's a masculine in the Seraglio!"



8. Up Sir Arthur's ladder they stealthy climb:  
"I don't see 'em—are we in time?"



9. Yes! just in time for a tumble—for  
The lovers burst from the lower door.



10. If a crime is atoned for when red blood flows,  
The lovers are shrived from the Sultan's nose.



11. And afar in a fairy shallop they ride,  
Toward England, breasting the billowy tide.



12. While the Sultan rubs his olfactories hard,  
And takes it out of the Chief and the Guard.



## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.



No. XLIV.

## THE FRENCH BALL.

Ya-as, Jack Carnegie now begins to talk about weturning to join his wegment for a short perwiod, and then weturning to Eurwope. But aw I'll not let him go in a hurwy, for Jack is a doosid clevah fellah, yer know, and extwemely useful to twavel about with—and is aw besides a devilish good form.

We got aw awfully bawed, yer know, in Washington, so wesolved to twy New York again. So far it aw appears to be about the only decent place in Amerwica. All the othah cities are so wetchedly pwovincial in tone aw.

It's the pwactice in aw New York about this time to have a gweat many balls. They call it aw the ball season. Some of them are arwanged by snobs and twadesmen, and othahs by maw wespectable fellaws. These affairs take place in a w building called an Academy, which looks verwy much like an operwa house. Wonder why they call it an Academy. Can't imagine, yer know, what kind of instwuction people weceive there. They ought to tell a fellaw, so that he wouldn't have to twouble his bwains about these queer things.

One of these aw balls is a Fwench ball. Jack and I went with some other fellaws. Don't quite understand what's particularly Fwench about it—except Fwench waiters in the supper-woom, and some fwightfully ugly Fwench females who womped about in a vulgah manner.

This aw Academy was verwy cwowded with fellaws with dwess-coats and a fair spwinkling of individuals who were blasted idiots enough to go in masquerwade costume. I should aw, yer know, think that some of these people were wather disweputable and underbwed, yer know. It was weally quite wemarkable to see the quantity of champagne dwunk down in what is called the wine-woom. I suppose Amerwicans think this sort of thing verwy jolly and natural amusement; but I don't, yer know. It's bad form, and too much of a baw for a fellaw to wender himself agweeable to a lot of wetched cweatures in masks.

Fwench fellaws do this sort of thing—but then, of course, they are not English fellaws, and Amerwicans don't enjoy themselves in their own way, but twy experwiments with othah fellaws' methods.

This aw Fwench ball was on the whole not bad. The people behaved themselves tolerably, considering the gweat majorwity were Amerwicans, although a lot of othah forweign fellaws were there.

One extwawordinarwy feature was the appearance of some aw young females dwessed as babies, who pwomenaded wound and wound. They wore short fwocks and didn't wesemble babies at all. They aw only looked as if they had forgotten to take off their night-caps and hadn't finished dwessing.

## THE DISSOLUTE OFFICE BOY.

THE demure and diligent office-boy, whose praises have so often been sung in Sunday-school books and primers, is a thing of the past. He is now a reminiscence of a previous era. To him has succeeded a new type of youth, who unites suavity with liberality, and extreme laziness with both.

The office-boy of the past was good. He died

young. He was always represented as a youth of great virtue and sagacity. He was invariably the sole support of an indigent mother and twelve small brothers and sisters. From his scanty earnings of \$2 per week he was wont to provide them with every necessary, including board, food, clothing, fuel, church rent, and educational expenses. If he had any surplus remaining he was accustomed to remark: "This will do for some jewélry for mother;" or, "I may not be wealthy, but it shall never be said that I denied Mamie the advantages of society." Mamie being his third sister, counting backwards.

The age of this youth did not vary. It seemed always to be about the same. Saturday night wash wit him the feature of the week. He was then paid, and would indulge in sundry moral reflections, or he placed the \$2 in the wallet given him by his employer. On this day he was accustomed to walk home, thereby saving car-fare. On arriving at his domicile a fervid welcome awaited him, and his mother usually "wept on his neck." He fell to eating brown bread and crying for joy. At this stage of the proceedings some of the neighbors would enter and the moral young man would remark casually: "Just Heaven, may my head not be made giddy by this prosperity."

The moral young man read much and studied hard during office hours. He would reprove his willful companions, and on the last day of each month deposit in some savings bank his accumulated profits, netting about \$1.25. While at his desk he wore a benignant smile, which customers frequently remarked and commended. When praised he would modestly hang his head and say: "I wish I were more worthy of my employer." The moral young man eschewed the ways of the youthful transgressor, on whom Destiny seems to have a first mortgage. He had an affection for a young lady, of course, but he showed it in pretty ways. He would patronize the same shoe-store as she did, and sit near her in church. He would write her occasional letters.

"Yours of the 17th received, and contents duly noted. I should have written before, but I have been busy. If you are mad at me I will not write again," etc.

His morality was austere, and his ways provoked hilarity in the neighborhood. But the sagacious young man remained steadfast to his brown bread and \$2. At the end of about ten years his employer would default, the savings-bank fail, his inamorata would marry some one else, and he would die, everywhere loved and respected. Another paragon would take his place, and the game be continued indefinitely. Now all is changed.

The office-boy of the period is a dissolute character. He exacts for his services \$5 per week and a commission. He scornfully refuses to contribute anything to his family's support, and spends his earnings in amusement. He lends his employer's son money and holds notes for the same. His specialty is never to go home on a Saturday night. He arrives at the office at 10 each morning, and, having relieved himself of his ulster and seal-skin cap, indulges in a little private correspondence. At 12 he goes to lunch and leaves a sign, "Will be back in two hours. If Katie comes she is to wait in the outer office. Leave my letters with the cashier." At 2 he returns with a party of cronies and inaugurates a few hours' festivity preparatory to leaving for home. His progress towards his domicile is about as irregular as that of Bunyan's Pilgrim, and his zigzag course thitherward is dotted with cigar-stores, sample-rooms, and a number of etcetera localities.

He patronizes no bank but a faro one. This weakness, however, is not with him besetting, as a quiet game of poker at the club in the evening entails less risk and trouble. The dis-

solute youth devotes his days to his friends, and his nights to himself. If there is any time remaining beyond this, his employer has the first claim to it. There is nothing mean about the dissolute office-boy, he spends money freely, and is lavish in presents. "What is money, anyway?" he inquires sometimes.

There is something chivalric about the dissolute youth. He does not obtrude his amours on the attention of others, but regards them as a matter of course. His inamorata is usually a singer at a variety theatre, and the youth, being on the "free list," leads the claque. Suppers are frequent. Sometimes he transfers his allegiance to some other captivating damsel, but it is only for a time—for the entreaties of he cantatrice prevail, and in a question of honor, where a woman is concerned, there can be no discount on our dissolute friend. When a reconciliation is effected he murmurs: "I knew it would come right, they can't resist me."

The sunshine of the office-boy's life is shaded in but three places. There are some things he can't do. For instance, he can't find words to express his full detestation of the moral youth, he can't impress his landlady with the same idea of his financial solvency as he himself entertains, and he can't let his employer know how valuable are his services. But this does not trouble him. He don't brood over it. He simply remarks: "Boss, if you think you can do better, go and do it. I don't hinder you. But if the firm bursts up don't come complaining to me. I giv yer fair warning, now make yer choice."

Awed by this argument, the employer capitulates, and the dissolute youth continues his life of ease, gaiety, and \$5 a week.

At the end of ten years an aged relative leaves him a fortune; he is promoted to a responsible position at the store, marries a rich girl, lives in a fine house, and is happy. An episode of his career is to attend the funeral of the good young man and to tell the assembled mourners how he saved him from penury and tried to dissuade him from squandering his money by putting it in a savings-bank.

ERNEST HARVIER.

## "O YE TEARS!"



O YE Tears! O!

How natural that we should say O ye tears! for is not each one ye, as ye fall, O ye tears, a mute exclamation, a spherical O? Therefore, O ye tears! dear dew-drops of the heart, sweet perspiration of the soul!

O ye eye-water!

O fountains of feeling! O pearls of purity! where do ye procure your salt?

O ye tears, why do ye come out when our rich aunt dies, and when the twins are born?

What makes ye come out, anyhow?

Why do ye come out when we stand before the work of the despoiler Death; when we sink beneath the weight of Sorrow, or quail at the frown of Adversity; when the tenderest chords of the heart are struck by Joy, Remorse, or Compassion, as well as when the pepper is burning on the stove, or the pin is between us and the chair?

QUIPPLE YARROW.

THE young poet wakes up, hears the pattering of the gentle rain, and feels the balmy breeze of January on his cheeks; and he smiles and is prematurely delivered of a poem on Spring.

"WHY are we right-handed?" asks an exchange. We don't care a continental why you are right-handed; ask us a conundrum with some magnitude about it.



## PUCK'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

### CHAPTER XXV.

McCLELLAN TRIES A CHANGE OF BASE.—THE SOUTH ATTEMPTS TO PAY A VISIT TO THE NORTH.—POPE NOT INFALLIBLE.—JACKSON TAKES CHARGE OF HARPER'S FERRY.—ANTIETAM MAKES ITS EXISTENCE KNOWN.—NIGGERS BECOME MEN AND BROTHERS.—OTHER MOVES ON THE BOARD.

McCLELLAN'S army had a left wing, and one fine morning in May it found itself attacked, at a place called Fair Oaks, by the Confederates.

After each side had pummeled one another to their hearts' content, they discovered to their disgust that they might just as well have passed this particular game, as neither party gained anything.

Jackson soon became monarch of all he surveyed in the Shenandoah Valley, and entirely disarranged McClellan's plans, who wanted more men from New England and other places.

McClellan, too, had a right wing to match his left, which was fluttering and airing itself in the classic town of Mechanicsville. Lee now said to Jackson: "Let us unite, brave boy, and drive o'er the muddy waters of the Chickahominy River the base mercenary who commands this army of the Northern barbarians."

Jackson replied, "Thy head is level, Lee." And McClellan was forced to be of the same opinion when he found himself obliged to retreat to the south side by Shanks's ponies' marrowbone-stage lightning express.

McClellan exclaimed: "Base is the slave that cuts me off from my base of supplies." For he couldn't get near York River; and this locality he had watched over as tenderly as the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft is supposed to take care of the life of poor Jack. What the poor Jacks who have not been taken care of have to say on the subject we do not know.

McClellan made a virtue of necessity by changing his base, and made tracks for the James.

McClellan did not reach the James River without some trifling annoyances on the way.

Very savage were the Confederates at Savage's Station where they attacked the Union troops, and were equally eager for the fray at Frazer's Farm.

Malvern Hill put a stopper for a time on the monotony of the Confederates' ability to put obstacles in the path of the Union troops, for the heavy guns with which the latter had ornamented the place had the effect of sending many Confederates to take brass naps—and anybody who understands Greek knows what they mean.

The attempt to get to the James River was euphemistically styled the Seven Days' Battle. People who are not euphemistic call it a retreat; but there are always wetblankets and killjoys in this world of ours.

At any rate, a great many men in both armies went on involuntary hell-exploring expeditions, and it is yet unknown whether they ever got there, as there were no Stanleys or *Herald* Special Commissioners told off to attend to this kind of business.

The Confederates found that they had come out of the scrimmage with the satisfaction of having saved their capital.

Lee, at this period, gave himself a rest, his army took one at the same time, and then they gaily moved north to Washington. Banks, Fremont and McDowell, who were bossed up by General Pope from the Mississippi, opposed Lee's advance.

At Cedar Mountain, Confederate Jackson brought such convincing arguments to bear on Banks, that the latter had—well, we suppose it must be said—to retreat.

Lee continued his gay and festive progress, which Pope disputed inch by inch, with a portion of McClellan's corps to lend him a hand.

On the old field of Bull Run, Pope discovered very completely that it couldn't score a victory—a victory of Union troops, anyhow.

There was the same trouble about Chantilly; and at last Pope concluded that Washington would be about as good a place as any to fall back on. He felt quite comfortable when he found himself among the defenses of the capital.

McClellan attacked Lee at Antietam; but what he did it for is not known, and in all probability never will be—as he made no allusion to it in his inaugural speech on assuming the Governorship of New Jersey.

The claret flowed freely in this engagement, about twelve thousand men on each side contributing to the supply.

Lee thought he'd cross the Potomac on the 18th of September, which he did and laughed hal ha! at the Union troops, who concluded not to follow him until November.

Puck was almost forgetting to chronicle the fact of Jackson capturing Harper's Ferry.

It made no show of resistance, and the garrison of 12,000 took elementary lessons in becoming prisoners of war.

[To be continued in our next.]

## PUCK'S ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

FRIDAY, January 25, 1878.

#### Whiskey.

MR. TUCKER thought drinks were too high. The tax must be reduced, and duty on the stock in bond ought not to be paid until the millennium—it would be nice and old then.

MR. HALE said that he could get tight at present figures without any trouble.

MR. BLACKBURN could speak feelingly, as he hailed from Kentucky. If whiskey were abolished, what was to be done with the jails and police?

MR. SAYLER heard that Commissioner Raum was in favor of R(a)um being relieved from troublesome regulations.

MR. TUCKER would like to make a raid on the Treasury for his own personal benefit—but would give up the idea for the present.

MR. BUTLER was in favor of free drinks.

MR. BANNING stated that Ohio men were the boss drinkers of whiskey. He for one would drink any member present.

### LITERARY NOTES.

— Mr. E. C. Stedman's poem on "Jamaica" in the *Atlantic* for February, seems likely to make Rum howl.

— George Eliot's new story is called "The Lifted Veil." Gail Hamilton's may be known as "The Lifted Hair."

— The *Galaxy* has now sunk into the *Atlantic*, and the editor of the latter proposes to make the rival magazines see stars.

— *Potter's American Monthly* has gone to pot. Some enterprising student of ceramic art ought to have bought it and kept it alive.

— The *Library Table* is an excellent piece of furniture to have in the house. It is soon to make an extension-table of itself by inserting two extra leaves.

## THE STAGE.

### "A CELEBRATED CASE."

THIS play was produced, after much advertisement and public discussion, at the Union Square Theatre last Wednesday night. It proved a very remarkable drama. It furthermore achieved an unmistakable success. It has all the elements that chain the attention of even experienced theatre-goers, and it works with poignant effect upon the sympathies of human nature. This is due more to the constructive ability of the playwright and his vast knowledge of stage effect than to any delicate characterizations. We have not space in this issue to discuss the many merits of the production, or to point out a few deficiencies that make "A Celebrated Case" rank below the "Two Orphans" as a melodrama. Like its predecessor, the present offspring of the veteran dramatist's mind is shaped in the sensational mould, which the management of the Union Square Theatre knows so well how to deal with. The cast of the characters is admirable. Mr. Coghlan, Mr. Parselle, Mrs. Booth and Miss Jewett, especially distinguish themselves. In a future issue we shall make it our pleasant duty to review minutely all the salient features of "A Celebrated Case," and to illustrate pictorially what we may safely call one of the most attractive stage representations of the metropolis.

### "SCHOOL."

A DELIGHTFUL rendition of a delightful comedy afforded enjoyment to a large audience, at Wallack's Theatre, last Friday evening. Mr. Wallack has become identified with the Robertsonian drama, and the skill he brings to bear in delineation has never wanted public approval. In the present revival, Mr. Wallack is surrounded by a more than ordinarily well-fitted company. Each character has fallen into adept hands, and the performance in its entirety is graceful and charming. It is a sort of theatrical *dolce far niente*—most welcome after a reign of the emotional. Mr. Wallack plays *Jack Poynts* as he has always played it. Miss Effie Germon's *Naomi Tighe* is an impersonation that gleams with the true spirit of mirth. Mr. Montague, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Beckett, Mr. Holland, Miss Boniface and Mrs. Sefton perform the remaining important roles with artistic excellence; and even Miss Pearl Eyttinge, in the rather trivial part of the sleepy school-girl, does a neat bit of acting. "School" will hold the boards until further notice.

### DRAMATIC NOTES.

THE performances by the Juvenile Opera Company at the 23d Street Theatre have been very clever.

WE record with sincere pleasure that Clara Morris—our only Clara Morris—is to appear shortly at the Broadway Theatre.

MR. COGHLAN may not know it; but as the convict hero in "A Celebrated Case" his exposed right leg is offensively clean.

STEPHEN FISKE has blundered into a Boucicault drama. It is much easier to blunder into one of these things than to blunder out again.

COLVILLE'S FOLLY COMPANY is playing at the Grand Opera House. It is not necessary to point out wherein the folly of their so doing lies.

THE Wallack Club of amateurs played the "Big Bonanza" at the Lyceum Theatre last week. It wasn't half so bad. In fact—(but we are afraid to give amateurs too much encouragement).

EDWIN BOOTH, with his very mediocre company, is doing mediocre business at Booth's Theatre. When will the Edwin of our dreams awaken to the fact that single-handed Shakspeare isn't what an enlightened public clamors for?

THERE is an embarrassing profusion of "Lyons's Mail" in the city. Harkins, at the Eagle, and Dampier, at the Broadway, have emblazoned their names upon the billboards of fame, and the public is now perplexing its brain in the choice of its favorite.





THE LION OF CIVILIZATION







## PUCK'S COMEDY-STORIES.

## II.

## LOVE AND LAMBS.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF  
MM. MEILHAC AND HALÉVY.

(Continued.)

**M**ISS HARDINGE hesitates a moment, and then says:

"If I were to tell you, you would not be content to leave the matter in my hands. You would try to do something on your own responsibility, and a man in love is not a responsible being."

"And I'm such a fearfully awkward fellow, anyway!" sighed poor Smith.

"Then let me act for you. All I ask of you is that you do not appear surprised, whatever happens—no matter how surprising it may be. And first, you must leave this house."

"Am I to go back to New York?"

"No. You came here to see papa's sheep. Go and see papa's sheep. And come back here at—let's see, it is five by that clock—set your watch by it. Return in precisely ten minutes. Not a second before—not a second after!"

"What—a second? Is it important to a second?"

"You promised not to be astonished at anything!" and his new friend holds up a warning finger.

"I beg your pardon. I won't do it again. But, oh! if you knew how I feel. I must be in love, I am so horribly sure there's no hope for me."

"I thank you, sir!"

"But—if you'll only try!"

"That's better. And now—goodbye till ten minutes past five."

"I go. Ah! that empty chair—that empty chair!"

"It will be occupied when you return."

And Mr. Smith retires with a low and somewhat melancholy bow. Left alone, Miss Hardinge seats herself thoughtfully on the piano-stool and meditates:

"Poor fellow! I like him, though, and I mean to make Gabrielle like him. But how? I can go to her and repeat this interview; I can assure her that she is loved sincerely and disinterestedly by an honorable, worthy man. She will toss her pretty head at the idea, and my protégé will have a hopeless case. No, that will never do. My own plan is very risky—and, from a strictly moral point of view, it's rather—arabesque. But it offers some chance of success, and I'm going to try it. And now to play my little comedy with a serious face. I shall have hard work not to laugh outright."

She looks at her pretty face in the glass over the mantel.

"Let me see—I must look troubled and nervous—and flushed—oh, yes! I must be flushed. There, I think that will do for a flush."

She has rubbed her cheeks with her little handkerchief till she glows like a rosebud, and she has just time to finish this simple but effective bit of make-up when Gabrielle reënters the room.

"Well, is he gone?"

"Oh! Gabrielle—is it you?"—with a little start.

"Why, what's the matter, Sylvia?"

"Come here to me, Gabrielle! Look me in the face."

"Why, Sylvia, how strangely you look!"

"Tell me, Gabrielle, why did you leave the room just now—when Mr. Smith was announced?"

"I told you," with a shade of reserve, "because I supposed he had something important to say to you."

"Was it only that? Are you sure?"

"Of course!"

"For heaven's sake, conceal nothing from me!"

"Well—there *was* another reason."

"Ah, I knew it."

"I know him slightly, this Mr. Smith, and I didn't care especially about remaining in the room while he was there."

"Heaven be praised if what you say is true!" And the blonde clasps her hands and looks up to the ceiling.

"Why, Sylvia dear, what did you think?"

"I was afraid that, in spite of all my efforts, I had not been able to conceal my nervousness—"

"Your nervousness?"

"And that you had perceived it; and like the dear girl you are, you had gone away."

"You—nervous—because of Mr. Smith! Sylvia, my dear, what does this mean?"

"Hadh't you noticed it? No? Well, no matter. I should have confided in you in any case. I can confide in you, love?"

"Of course you can. But this—I don't understand a word!"

"Oh! Gabrielle, Gabrielle!"

"Well! Sylvia, Sylvia!"

"You were right, just now, when you spoke of the fatal, the irresistible influence of the man whom all women love! I tried to argue with you. But I spoke ill—I was combating my own heart! Yes, at the very moment I was speaking, his image flashed before my mind! —Flashed?" she murmured to herself, "I don't think images flash—but it sounds nicely."

"Whose image?" queries the astounded Gabrielle.

"Mr. Smith's!"

"Mr. Smith's image—before *your* mind!"

"His image, Gabrielle, and my mind. You have got both right—the image and the mind."

"Impossible! Sylvia!"

"I know, poor dear Jack—he's the best fellow in the world—but—"

"Sylvia!"

"Oh, listen to me, Gabrielle. We are alone—we have known each other from childhood. I may speak to you as I should to my own sister."

"Certainly—but I don't understand."

"Yes, you do. I speak to you because you *do* understand. Because I know that you are a woman of intelligence—"

"Oh, come, dear!"

"And of heart."

"Come! come!"

"And then—I can't help myself! I *must* speak!" and she whispers to the mirror: "That's the language of love."

"But what has all this got to do with Mr.—"

"Smith? oh, yes, I know—poor dear Jack—"

"That isn't what I mean. I mean—I can't—that is—well, I don't see why I shouldn't say it—Mr. Smith doesn't seem to me the man to inspire such a feeling."

"Mr. Smith does not?"

"No—not to me."

"There are a great many women who have thought differently." This with a soft sigh.

"What?"

"Oh, I'm not speaking about women of his own class—people in society. He would never forgive me—he is so discreet and so honorable. And you yourself, you would not wish it, if it should chance that you were in such a position—"

"Sylvia! what are you talking about?"

"Oh, we are alone."

"Well, suppose we are—"

"Oh, no!" goes on Venus, leaning on the mantel-piece and looking in the glass, where she sees reflected her companion's puzzled face, "I'm not speaking of girls *we* know—but—do you remember that Italian woman—that contralto—who fainted on the stage at the Academy of

Music, last winter? They had to carry her off—Signora Giulia Gione. Do you know why she fainted?"

"Because she couldn't sing and was frightened. Jack said she was in a blue funk."

"Hm!" says Venus, a little taken aback. But she recovers herself.

"Signora Gione fainted because she saw Mr. Smith entering the house. And since that time she has never ceased to pursue him. She follows him from place to place—he cannot move without having her on his heels."

"What is this?"

"What anyone will tell you, if you choose to ask."

"Mr. Smith! I can't believe it. In the first place, a man by the name of Smith!"

"Peter Smith—I like the name—Peter."

"Yes, one likes it, if one likes that kind of name. *Fe-ter!*" and Juno's ripe lips curl disdainfully.

"Oh, don't say 'Pe-ter' in that contemptuous way! Say it like this," cries Miss Hardinge, ecstatically, "*Peter!*"

"Tisn't any better that way." Juno shakes her head.

"Well, perhaps not. But what of it? The men who inspire these strange wild passions are not particularly handsome nor particularly clever, nor particularly anything—but then they have something that no others have—a certain *je ne sais quoi*."

"And Mr. Smith—"

"Peter Smith."

"Mr. Peter Smith has this certain—"

"*Je ne sais quoi*."

"Well—I hadn't noticed it."

"Oh Gabrielle, are you blind?"

Gabrielle does not answer. She seems lost in thought. Standing by her chair, she toys with her work and maintains silence for several moments. Then she asks:

"Is he gone?—Mr. Smith, I mean."

"No, he is only gone out to look about the place. He will dine here. Oh, dear! I had hoped—indeed I had hoped—that he would never notice me. But to-day—he has come—and—I know it—he loves me!"

"Oh, Sylvia!"

"There can be no doubt of it. He gave me some pretext for his visit—but I could not be deceived. There was Love in his face—in his manner—in his voice."

"And are you sure—?"

"Can't you believe it?"

"Of course—that he should love you—that is the most natural thing in the world—but that you love him—oh, no, Sylvia!"

Sylvia looks at the clock. It is ten minutes past five.

"You do not believe it. Ah! do you wish a proof? Oh, my heart, my heart!"

"A proof?"

"Yes! See, I do not turn—I am not looking. But I know he is near us now—I know he is approaching—my heart tells me he is coming. Look out and see!"

Gabrielle obeys, laughing, yet impressed in spite of herself.

"Well, I don't see him."

"*Stupid!*" murmurs Miss Hardinge to herself; "after what I told him! He is not there?" she demands aloud.

"No—yes, there he is!"

"I knew it!"

"He's running!"

"I'm not surprised," is Miss Hardinge's private comment.

"He's running *very* fast!"

Juno smiles to herself.

"It's very well he is. He has just escaped ruining my poor heart's reputation for veracity."

In a moment Mr. Smith enters the room. He is decidedly out of breath, and he has the inane expression of a man who does not under-



stand what is going on about him. Mr. Smith's chances appear, at this moment, rather slim.

"Don't leave me!" whispers Sylvia to Miss Joscelyn. And then she turns to Mr. Smith.

"She is there, you see!"

"I thank you," returns the lover, in a low tone.

"Gabrielle"—Miss Hardinge speaks nervously and hurriedly—"let me present Mr. Peter Smith—one of my—one of my father's dearest friends—"

"Sylvia—command yourself!" her friend whispers warningly; and then proceeds aloud: "I think I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Smith. At the Toplofty's, I believe—was it not?"

Mr. Smith murmurs his acknowledgment to the Toploftys.

"Don't leave me, Gabrielle! He wants you to go—but you won't leave me; will you, dear?"

"He wants me to go!"

"Yes—but stay with me."

"Oh, certainly." And Gabrielle returns to her seat. Sylvia, with a quick movement, calls Mr. Smith's attention to the fact that her promise is fulfilled, and the wooer bows gratefully, but maintains a silence very suggestive of embarrassment.

Sylvia makes an effort—an extremely obvious effort—to begin a conversation.

"You have been—you have been—strolling through the grounds, have you not?"

"Yes—yes. I took quite a walk. Nearly missed—"

"Ah! My father has spent a great deal of his leisure time in laying out the place."

"Oh—yes! charmingly laid out, I'm sure," says Mr. Smith to his hostess. "So am I!" adds Mr. Smith to himself.

"And the sheep—did you see the sheep?"

"Oh—yes! Magnificent sheep!"

"My father takes the greatest interest in his sheep. When he isn't in San Francisco—for his health—he employs all his time to sheep-raising."

"Yes—excellent idea, I'm sure. I'd like nothing better myself if I were in San Francisco—for my health—I'd employ my time in sheep-raising. I mean—"

"He cannot control his feelings," Sylvia tells Miss Joscelyn, in a hurried whisper.

"So I see," responds that lady.

"It is Love!"

"It is possible."

"Perhaps I was wrong—I have asked him to stay for dinner."

"Oh! he doesn't look very dangerous."

"All the more to fear! Well, since I have invited him—"

"You can't send him away again."

"What are they saying?" Smith asks himself, as Sylvia arises to give orders for the dinner.

"Are you leaving me?" Gabrielle asks her.

"Yes! I leave you with him."

"But—I—"

"I can't stay—don't you see? I shall expose my agitation." And, in spite of a remonstrant gesture from Miss Joscelyn, Sylvia glides out of the room, with a bow of excuse to Mr. Smith.

Left alone, the pretty brune glances furtively at the innocent Don Juan of Sylvia's fertile imagination. She wears a puzzled air. So does Mr. Smith himself, as he rises and steps uneasily toward her.

"It may be as Sylvia says," thinks Gabrielle, "but I'm sure I don't see any—*je ne sais quoi* about Mr. Smith." Then aloud: "You are an old friend of Miss Hardinge's, I believe?"

Mr. Smith coughs nervously, and explains that he is an old friend of Miss Hardinge's father.

"You never told me."

"You—you never gave me the opportunity."

"I'm sure," Miss Joscelyn says to herself, "there's no *je ne sais quoi* at all! But Mr. Hardinge is in San Francisco—for his health—you came to see Miss Hardinge."

"Ah! can you think—" bursts out the unfortunate Smith; and then he checks himself. "Why on earth is she looking at me like that?"

"No *je ne sais quoi* whatever," is Gabrielle's private comment, her inspection being finished.

And just at this juncture Sylvia reappears. Sarah follows her, carrying a letter.

"What is it, Sarah?" asks her mistress.

"A man from the village gave me this letter, mum. For Mr. Smith—very immejit."

"For me? A letter—here?" stammers the astonished recipient of this favor.

"Give it to Mr. Smith, since it is so 'very immediate.'"

Miss Hardinge laughs. Mr. Smith takes the letter and reads the superscription with wide-open eyes:

"Al Signor Pietro Smith. What does this mean? My name isn't Pietro. There's some mistake."

He is about to return the letter to the servant, when Sylvia interposes a gracious:

"Pray read your letter, Mr. Smith."

"You will permit me—?"

"Oh, certainly!" Miss Hardinge's tone is no longer gracious. It might rather be called grim. Gabrielle utters a soft word of warning:

"Take care!"

"Do you think it is easy for me to see him read that letter?" demands Sylvia in the same whisper.

"But—the servant."

"That is true. You need not wait, Sarah."

Sarah does not wait. As she leaves the room, Miss Hardinge draws a long breath of relief.

"Now!"

"Sylvia!"

"You are not reading your letter, Mr. Smith!"

"If you will allow me." He opens the mis-sive, and reads the first line aloud: "*A l'idol del mio cor!*"

"To the idol of my heart!" interprets Sylvia, excitedly.

"That's not English," remarks Mr. Smith.

This entirely gratuitous piece of information Miss Hardinge caps with another:

"It's Italian."

"Yes—it is signed 'Gione.'"

"Gione?"

"Yes—'Gione.'"

"Ah! if it bears *that* signature, you know well it is Italian."

"Yes, of course! Oh, of course! 'Tisn't English, I'm sure."

Mr. Smith understands absolutely nothing.

"You read Italian, do you not?"

"No, I don't read Italian—but then, you know, it's easy enough to read it. Latin and French help you. But then I don't know *very* much French, and I've forgotten all my Latin."

"Do you read Italian, Gabrielle?" inquires Sylvia, turning to her friend.

"Not a word!"

"He thinks he is safe! But no—I can read Italian!"

"But, I'm sure—Miss Hardinge—you attach too much importance to such a trifle. It's somebody's joke. I don't know any man by the name of Gione."

"You don't know this woman?"

"It is a woman?"

"You don't know her?"

"No!" And then Mr. Smith catches a warning glance from his ally, and corrects himself:

"That is to say—I—"

"Ah, you see!"

"But, indeed—"

"Well, Mr. Smith, since this letter is only somebody's joke, suppose I translate it for you?"

"Certainly—certainly! I'll be delighted!" And he shakes his head and inwardly remarks: "This is the most singular woman I ever met; and she has a queer way of making Miss Joscelyn love me."

Sylvia reads:

"Io sono una donna innamorata—I am a woman in love!"

"Is that the kind of letter you are in the habit of receiving, Mr. Smith?" asks Gabrielle, with a laugh, but with a rather odd glance.

Mr. Smith stammers:

"Indeed—I—" He subsides and sits on the edge of a chair. "How she looks at me. This is the deuce of a way to make her love me!"

Sylvia reads on:

"Appassionata—Infiammata—Bruciata!"

"Bruciata" comes out with the force of an explosion. Her listeners echo the word, without comprehending its meaning.

"Io t'aspetto—hm-m-m—all'osteria del villaggio—I am waiting for you at the hotel in the village. You will do well to go there, Mr. Smith!"

"Let me congratulate you, Mr. Smith!" puts in Gabrielle.

"Deuce of a way! I'm done for!" mutters the lover.

"Si non vieni—more ta Giulia—if you do not come, your Giulia dies! Signed—Gione. Take your letter, Mr. Smith. And pray do not allow 'somebody's joke' to have such a tragic ending. Do not force Signora Gione to die."

"But—" Mr. Smith objects, in an undertone, "you know as well as I do there is no Signora Gione!"

"Of course I know it!"

"Where do you wish me to go?"

"Go see papa's sheep—and return."

"When?"

"Oh, go! only go! I told you to show no astonishment."

Gabrielle has been trying to spell out the mysterious letter. She hands it back to its owner.

"Pray go and console Signora Giulia," she says. And as Smith stands doubtfully looking at the door, she remarks to Miss Hardinge:

"Signora Giulia writes a very bad hand, and she has to write most of the words over two or three times."

"It is her haste and fervor," answers Sylvia. But she explains confidentially to the mirror:

"Sarah does not copy Italian easily."

Mr. Smith makes a desperate dive for the door:

"Miss Hardinge—ah—er—Miss Joscelyn—since you wish it—I go!"

And he goes.

(To be continued.)

THE late King of Italy will be buried with imposing ceremonies and an imposing stone will be erected over his grave. Any obliging printer will explain.—*Worcester Press.*

To one unacquainted with the beautiful vagaries of American art, there is something perplexing about the advertisement of a railroad company hanging in the Lewis House, and which, while it tells of a land where rain never comes, is also embellished by the picture of a man rapidly making his way toward the place with an umbrella under his arm.—*Fulton Times.*

THAT was a bad year we have just left behind, wasn't it? Surprising how it came back on us all after the reception we gave it twelve months ago. It was a real bad year. Glad it is gone, with its load of guilt. But this is a good year, a real nice year. Heavens, what an amount of moral grandeur we are all going to crowd into it! Ain't we?—*Danbury News.*



## The Duel in Herne Wood.

Extracted, with permission, from "The Case of Mr. Lionel Varleigh."

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

(Continued.)

**H**ALF angry, half frightened, I tried to speak in my turn. My aunt signed to me to be silent. The Captain drew back a step as if he felt her reproof. But his eyes, still fixed on me, were as fiercely bright as ever. There the gentleman's superficial good-breeding failed to hide the natural man beneath.

"I will leave you in undisturbed possession of the room," he said to my aunt with bitter politeness. "Before I go, permit me to give your niece an opportunity of reconsidering her conduct before it is too late." My aunt drew back, leaving him free to speak to me. After considering a moment, he laid his hand firmly, but not roughly, on my arm. "You have accepted Lionel Varleigh's invitation to visit him to-day," he said, "under pretense of seeing his curiosities. Think again before you decide on keeping that engagement. If you go to Varleigh to-morrow, you will repent it to the last day of your life." Saying those words in a tone which made me tremble in spite of myself, he walked to the door. As he laid his hand on the lock, he turned towards me for the last time. "I forbid you to go to Varleigh's lodgings," he said very distinctly and quietly. "Understand what I tell you. I forbid it."

With those words he left us.

My aunt sat down by me and took my hand kindly. "There is only one thing to be done," she said; "we must return at once to Nettlegrove. If Captain Stanwick attempts to annoy you in your own house, we have neighbors who will protect us, and we have Mr. Loring, our rector, to appeal to for advice. As for Mr. Varleigh, I will write our excuses myself before we go away."

She put out her hand to ring the bell and order the carriage. I stopped her. My childish pride urged me to assert myself in some way, after the passive position that I had been forced to occupy during the interview with Captain Stanwick. "No," I said, "it is not acting fairly towards Mr. Varleigh to break our engagement with him. Let us return to Nettlegrove by all means, but let us first call on Mr. Varleigh and take our leave. Are we to behave rudely to a gentleman who has always treated us with the utmost consideration, because Captain Stanwick has tried to frighten us by cowardly threats? The commonest feeling of self-respect forbids it."

My aunt protested against this outbreak of folly with perfect temper and good sense. But my obstinacy (my firmness as I thought it!) was immovable. I left her to choose between going with me to Mr. Varleigh or letting me go to him by myself. Finding it useless to resist, she decided, it is needless to say, on going with me.

We found Mr. Varleigh very courteous, but more than usually grave and quiet. Our visit only lasted for a few minutes; my aunt used the influence of her age and her position to shorten it. She mentioned family affairs as the motive which recalled us to Nettlegrove. I took it on myself to invite Mr. Varleigh to visit me at my own house. He bowed and thanked me, without engaging himself to accept the invitation. When I offered him my hand at parting, he raised it to his lips, and kissed it with a fervor that agitated me. His eyes looked into mine with a sorrowful admiration, with a lingering regret, as if they were taking their leave of me for a long while.

"Don't forget me!" he whispered, as he stood at the door, while I followed my aunt out. "Come to Nettlegrove," I whispered back. His eyes dropped to the ground; he let me go without a word more.

This, I declare solemnly, was all that passed at our visit. By some unexpressed consent among us, no allusion whatever was made to Captain Stanwick; not even his name was mentioned. I never knew that the two men had met just before we called on Mr. Varleigh. Nothing was said which could suggest to me the slightest suspicion of any arrangement for another meeting later in the day. Beyond the vague threats which had escaped Captain Stanwick's lips—threats which I own I was rash enough to despise—I had no warning whatever of the dreadful events which happened at Maplesworth on the day after our return to Nettlegrove Hall.

I can only add that I am ready to submit to any questions that may be put to me. Pray do not think me a heartless woman. At that time I knew so little of the world—I was so ignorant of the false pretenses under which men hide what is selfish and savage in their natures from the women whom it is their interest to deceive.

No. 2.—*Julius Bender, fencing-master, writes and says:—*

I am of German nationality; established in England as teacher of the use of the sword and the pistol since the beginning of the present year.

Finding business slack in London, it unfortunately occurred to me to try what I could do in the country. I had heard of Maplesworth as a place largely frequented by visitors on account of the scenery, as well as by invalids in need of taking the waters, and I opened a gallery there at the beginning of the season of 1817, for fencing and pistol practice. About the visitors I had not been deceived; there were plenty of idle young gentlemen among them who might have been expected to patronize my establishment. They showed the most barbarous indifference to the noble art of attack and defense—came by twos and threes, looked at my gallery, and never returned. My small means began to fail me. After paying my expenses, I was really at my wits' end to find a few pounds to go on with, in the hope of better days.

One gentleman I remember, who came to see me, and who behaved most liberally. He described himself as an American, and said he had traveled a great deal. As my ill luck would have it, he stood in no need of my instructions. On the two or three occasions when he amused himself with my foils and my pistols, he proved to be one of the most expert swordsmen and one of the finest shots that I ever met with. It was not wonderful: he had by nature cool nerves and a quick eye; and he had been taught by the masters of the art in Vienna and Paris.

Early in July—the 9th or 10th of the month, I think—I was sitting alone in my gallery, looking ruefully enough at the last two sovereigns in my purse, when a gentleman was announced who wanted a lesson. "A private lesson," he said with emphasis, looking at the man who cleaned and took care of my weapons.

I sent the man out of the room. The stranger (an Englishman, and, as I fancied, judging by outward appearances, a military man as well) took from his pocket-book a fifty-pound bank-note, and held it up before me. "I am not a very practiced swordsman," he said "and I have no time to improve myself. Teach me a trick which will make me a match for a good fencer, and keep the secret, and there are fifty pounds for you."

I hesitated. I did indeed hesitate, poor as I was. But this devil of a man held his bank-note before me whichever way I looked, and I had only two pounds left in the world!

"Are you going to fight a duel?" I asked.

"That's no business of yours," he answered.

I waited a little, with the infernal bank-note tempting me, and then tried him again.

"If I teach you the trick," I said, "will you give me your word of honor that you will make no bad use of your lesson?"

"Yes," he said, impatiently enough.

I was not quite satisfied yet.

"Will you swear it?" I asked.

"Of course I will," he answered. "Take the money, and don't keep me waiting any longer!"

I took the money, and I taught him the trick—and I regretted it almost as soon as it was done. Not that I knew, mind, of any serious consequences that followed; for I returned to London the next morning. My sentiments were those of a man of honor, who felt that he had degraded his art, and who could not be quite sure that he might not have armed the hand of an assassin as well. I have no more to say.

No. 3.—*Thomas Outwater, servant to Captain Stanwick, writes and says:—*

If I did not firmly believe my master to be out of his senses, no punishment that I could receive would prevail upon me to write of him what I am going to write now.

But I say he is mad, and therefore not accountable for what he has done—mad for love of a young woman. If I could have my way, I should like to twist her neck, though she is a lady, and a great heiress into the bargain. Before she came between them, my master and Mr. Varleigh were more like brothers than anything else. She set them at variance, and whether she meant to do it or not is all the same to me. I own I took a dislike to her when I first saw her. She was one of the light-haired, blue-eyed sort, with an innocent look and a snaky waist—a bad sort, all the world over, as I have found them.

I hear I am not expected to write the account of the disagreements between the two gentlemen, of which this lady was the cause. I am to state what I did in Maplesworth, and what I saw afterwards in Herne Wood. Poor as I am, I would give a five-pound note to anybody who could do it for me. Unfortunately, I must do it for myself.

On the 10th of July, in the evening, my master went, for the second time that day, to Mr. Varleigh's lodgings.

I am certain of the date, because it was the day of publication of the town newspaper, and there was a law report in it which set everybody talking. There had been a duel with pistols a day or two before, between a resident in the town and a visitor, on account of some dispute at cards. Nothing very serious came of the meeting. One of the men only was hurt, and the wound proved to be of no great importance. The awkward part of the matter was that the constables appeared on the ground before the wounded man had been removed. He and his two seconds were caught, and the prisoners were committed for trial. Dueling (the magistrates said) was an inhuman and unchristian practice, and they were determined to put the law in force and stop it. This sentence made a great stir in the town, and fixed the date, as I have just said, in my mind.

Having been accidentally within hearing of some of the disputes concerning Miss Duval between my master and Mr. Varleigh, I had my misgivings about the Captain's second visit to the friend with whom he had quarreled already. A gentleman called on him, soon after he had gone out, on important business. This



gave me an excuse for following him to Mr. Varleigh's rooms with the visitor's card, and I took the opportunity.

I heard them at high words on my way upstairs, and waited a little on the landing. The Captain was in one of his furious rages; Mr. Varleigh was firm and cool as usual. After listening for a minute or so, I heard enough (in my opinion) to justify me in entering the room. I caught my master in the act of lifting his cane—threatening to strike Mr. Varleigh. He instantly dropped his hand, and turned on me in a fury at my intrusion. Taking no notice of his fury, I gave him his friend's card, and went out. A talk followed in voices too low for me to hear outside the room, and then the Captain approached the door. I got out of his way, feeling very uneasy about what was to come next. I could not presume to question Mr. Varleigh. The only thing I could think of was to tell the young lady's aunt what I had seen and heard, and to plead with Miss Duval herself to make peace between them. When I inquired for the ladies at their lodgings, I was told that they had left Maplesworth.

I saw no more of the Captain that night.

The next morning he seemed to be quite himself again. He said to me, "Thomas, I am going sketching in Herne Wood. Take the paint-box and the rest of it, and put this into the carriage."

He handed me a packet as thick as my arm, and about three feet long, done up in many folds of canvas. I made bold to ask what it was. He answered that it was an artist's sketching umbrella, packed for traveling.

In an hour's time the carriage stopped on the road below Herne Wood. My master said he would carry his sketching things himself, and I was to wait with the carriage. In giving him the so-called umbrella, I took the occasion of his eye being off me for the moment to pass my hand over it carefully; and I felt, through the canvas, the hilt of a sword. As an old soldier, I could not be mistaken—the hilt of a sword.

What I thought, on making this discovery, does not much matter. What I did was to watch the Captain into the wood, and then to follow him.

I tracked him along the path to where there was a clearing in the midst of the trees. There he stopped, and I got behind a tree. He undid the canvas, and produced two swords concealed in the packet. If I had any doubt before, I was certain of what was coming now.

A duel without seconds or witnesses, by way of keeping the town magistrates in the dark—a duel between my master and Mr. Varleigh! As his name came into my mind the man himself appeared, making his way into the clearing from the other side of the wood.

What could I do to stop it? No human creature was in sight. The nearest village was a mile away, reckoning from the farther side of the wood. The coachman was a stupid old man, quite useless in a difficulty, even if I had had time enough to go back to the road and summon him to help me. While I was thinking about it, the Captain and Mr. Varleigh had stripped to their shirts and trousers. When they crossed their swords, I could stand it no longer—I burst in on them. "For God Almighty's sake, gentlemen," I cried out, "don't fight without seconds!" My master turned on me, like the madman he was, and threatened me with the point of his sword. Mr. Varleigh pulled me back out of harm's way. "Don't be afraid," he whispered, as he led me back to the verge of the clearing; "I have chosen the sword instead of the pistol expressly to spare his life."

(To be continued.)



### Puck's Arrangements.

It's a wise paragraph that knows its own father.—*St. Louis Journal*.

SCISSORS were invented several years before literary coincidences.—*St. Louis Journal*.

LAST words of Methuselah—"This is untimely. I am shocked at this."—*Buffalo Express*.

IN regard to the weather, "If you don't see what you want, just ask for it."—*Wheeling Leader*.

THE great question, "Does it hurt a man to hang him?" is thus answered: "It hurts his reputation."—*Stray Squib*.

A PROVIDENCE woman whipped a saucy tramp with an old arctic shoe. She played the rubber, and won.—*New York Herald*.

THE Georgia Legislature is considering a law prohibiting the selling of tobacco to miners, says the lynx-eyed proof reader.—*Derrick*.

WOMEN are proverbially severe in their criticisms of each other's attire. It makes all the difference in the world whose dress is gored.

GENERAL BANKS imagines that his statesmanship is so profound that he doesn't look silly when he wants to sneeze and can't.—*Worcester Press*.

IN Virginia, when a young lady declines an offer to convey her home, the lover asks permission to sit on the fence and see her go by.—*Stray Squib*.

JOB may have spoken many words of wisdom when he was afflicted, but the chances are that he said very little that was funny.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

PROVIDENCE is all wise, but it always piles the highest snow drifts in front of the house of the man who never shovels his sidewalk off.—*Rockland Courier*.

JOHN A. PLUMMER is the name of the Sweet Singer of India, but he can't make "sunflower" and "preacher" rhyme as nicely as the Michigan poetess does.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE praises lavished upon the Tariffville bridge are calculated to awaken feelings of regret on the part of those bridges which have never dropped a railway-train into the water.

To the unsympathetic eye of brute man it looks as if the woman suffrage advocates at Washington had confounded their movement with that of the lightning-rod agent.—*New York Tribune*.

THE great number of conflagrations resulting from defective chimneys suggests an addition to a familiar Bible quotation as follows: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth," but the wicked flue is bold as a lion.—*Unidentified Ex.*

"CHANGE amuses the mind, yet scarcely profits," says Goethe. The change carried off by the savings bankers neither amuses the mind nor profits. Ask the depositors, old man.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table*.

IF the railway train in Connecticut, carrying passengers from Moody's meeting, which fell through a bridge, had been running on Sunday, we should have been told that running it on Sunday was the cause of the fatality. At present it is attributed to the insufficiency of the trestlework.—*N. Y. Sun*.

THE Methodist ministers of Chicago are going to discuss among themselves the question, "How Shall we Teach the Doctrine of Future Punishment?" Induce the young men of the city to practice on the flute.—*Unknown*.

AN organ-grinder struck the town yesterday with his organ draped in mourning for the dead King. His silent token of his grief was very touching until he began to grind out "The Mulligan Guards."—*Oil City Derrick*.

THE sins of the South may be many, and of a scarlet hue, but let it be written to her credit, in letters of gold, that the women have never so far lost their dignity and propriety as to enter a suffrage convention.—*San Antonio Herald*.

A MISSISSIPPI sheriff has gone into the reconciliation business with marked success. He uses a navy revolver, and has only found two cases where he didn't thoroughly reconcile. His cartridges gave out then.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

A NEW year has dawned upon our country's greatness, and the nation gazes wonderingly ahead, seeking to know how many new patent medicines will be thrown upon a suffering public before its last day shall have gone down into the past.—*Rockland Courier*.

AN interesting question: Whether those women suffrage women at Washington think they are really promoting the cause they have at heart by the indecent exposure of themselves at the Capitol, or whether they are doing it for the fun of the thing?—*Springfield Union*.

IT is doubtful whether any human being, if his life were insured for three centuries and free warrant given him of the Bodleian, the British Museum and the French National Library, could learn as much as Joseph Cook appears to know about things in general.—*N. Y. World*.

THE Republicans of the Ohio Legislature have decided to vote blank ballots at the approaching Senatorial election. That will be regarded as next thing to voting for Stanley Matthews, and to that extent it will be a step in advance of their action last spring.—*Boston Traveler*.

"Do you know," remarked a rather fast Newark youth the other day to a stuttering friend to whom he was slightly indebted, "do you know that I intend to marry and settle down?" "I do—don't know anything about it," was the reply, "but I think you had b-b-better stay single and set-settle up."—*Newark Call*.

THERE was a heroism about the Grand Duke's conduct in the recent battle of Kars that challenges anything we have heard of lately. The G. D. performed prodigies of valor six miles from the scene of the conflict, dispatching messengers hither and thither, and finally eating a good, square meal in his tent, assisted by the other heroes of his staff.—*St. Louis Journal*.

AN English paper gives the origin of the word "Damn." It says the oath is a corruption of the French exclamation "Dame." This may be so, but we always thought the word "Damn" originated by a man going out into the yard an hour after sundown and being abruptly caught under the chin by a clothes-line.—*Norristown Herald*.

IT is reported that the Sweet Singer of Michigan does not live happily with her husband, notwithstanding her tender allusion to him in her verses. She is a poetess, while he is a plodding farmer. Of course there is incompatibility. She pines for a congenial spirit. We nominate Sidney Lanier to take the place of the present Mr. Moore.—*Oil City Derrick*.



"Hav' ye gat airy clock to sell—somthin' noice, for a present to me sither?"

"We have all kinds of clocks," replied the jeweler; "24-hour clocks and 8-day clocks, from a dollar and a half up to three hundred dollars in price. Here's one that will just suit you—a fine French clock, worth \$15."

"Devil take yer Frinch clock! Give us wan that me sither kin understand whin it sthrikes!"  
—*Oil City Derrick.*

LANCELOT and Ludwig met in the middle of a muddy crossing yesterday. Lancelot button-holed his friend, and asked:

"Can you tell me why—no, that's not it; can you tell what day this is?"

"This? Why, this is Friday, to be sure."

"Not so, my liege," replied Lancelot, poking him playfully in the ribs; "it's mudday."

The rest of this story is soon told. Lancelot had reckoned without his host, for Ludwig drew a revolver and shot him through the heart full seven times.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"JAMES DOBBS," fell in solemn tones from his honor, "you are charged with the heinous crime of defrauding your employers out of goods entrusted to your care to the amount of one dollar and twenty-five cents. Now, sir, guilty or not guilty?"

"Judge," briskly responded the sharp-eyed prisoner, "If you'll let me figure it out as it is with them swindling life insurance chaps—call my little affair embarrassment or irregularity, or even malfeasance in office, I can wade through as straight as a string. But if you insist on having it called plain stealing, on account I ain't one of them high-toned best society gents, just rub in the workhouse salt from the word go and have done with it. Mind, though, if you do send me up, bet your life the next thieving and false swearing I do will be handling bank deposits where I can do it safe."  
—*Buffalo Dispatch.*

"TRUTH" writes to us for the definition of the word "Statesman." He might have looked in a dictionary, if he had thought of it. But a "Statesman" is a man who makes his living by stating things so as to make people believe that he is utterly given over to the public good. Senator Patterson is a Statesman when he says: "I ain't such a fool as to resign as long as I can lie here and draw my \$13 a day.—*Phil. Bulletin.*

A TIMID girl came in and laid a poem on our desk, which opened as follows:  
How dear to my heart is the goat of my childhood,

When fond recollection presents him to me;  
The beautiful beast which whene'er he was riled would

Make everything fly from the presence of he.  
My mischievous Nan was the frowiest butter  
That ever did but a stone fence till it fell;  
He'd see it a coming—a scream he would utter,  
Then brace his four legs and go at it pell-mell.

Oh, how he would buck it! An iron-bound bucket.

He once tried to buck it, and died in the well.

We read it over three times, for it seemed familiar. Then we asked her point-blank if she wrote it herself. She fixed an eye on us while the other went out the window (poor girl) and she said in a faltering voice that she did. So we accepted one verse, at so much. It is a very pathetic little picture of rural felicity, but it certainly reminds us of something we have seen before somewhere.—*W. A. Croffet.*

THERE isn't a bald-headed man in the Cabinet, but there would have been if Gail Hamilton hadn't stopped to count 100 and give her feelings a chance to settle.—*Worcester Rewey.*

"MINNIE MYRTLE" writes us a charming little poem beginning, "Life is not all thorns." Well dog gone it, did we say it was? Don't come howling at us about a statement we never made; go to the man who said life is all thorns, and don't go fooling around him with poetry, either. Just slip a brick in the toe of a long-legged stocking, and hide it behind you and walk up to him and tell him he's a primordial liar, and dassent take it up. Then, if he makes a motion, swing the stocking and stave in the top of his head. We're with you in this thorn business, and we believe you are right.—*Hawkeye.*

MORRISSEY is reported much better, but he is not yet able to challenge comparison.—*Derrick.*

BLAINE could lend a charm to a funeral.—*Boston Post.* Doubtless he will some time.—*Worcester Press.*



### GERMAN LIEDERKRANZ. 25th ANNUAL MASQUERADE BALL, ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Thursday, February 7th, 1878.

Tickets at \$15—admitting gentleman and two ladies, under the customary condition, can be had from the following gentlemen:

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1) Late Topsy, Beecher's birth was spontaneous.



2) He was first heard of when he left the West, by the rail-way.



3) Then he put his foot on Plymouth Rock.

H.W.B. as Chaplain



4) And sold the Gospel to the highest bidder.



6) In remore, he spends his summers at the White Mountains so as to sit on the ragged edges.



8) He preaches—



and then ——— 9) he practices,



FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

For Eye!



5) And he saw a woman—sure she was sent to look upon.

life-pleaser.



7) As a letter-writer he is not a success.

THE LIFE OF HENRY WARD.